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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

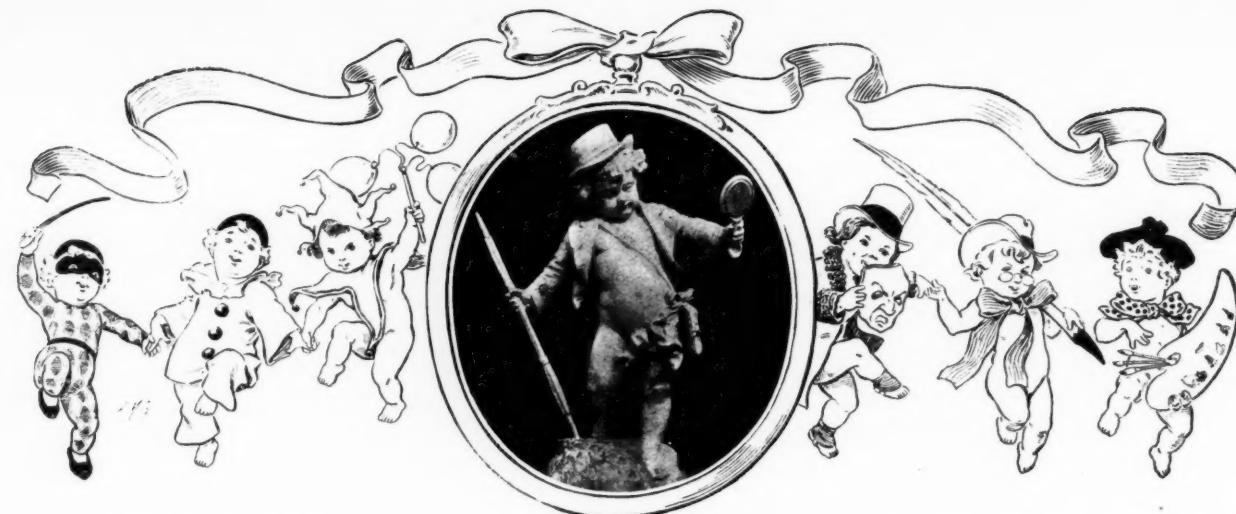
Suck

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HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT —



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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“What Fools These Mortals Be!”

SENATOR DOLLIVER favors the election of Senators by direct vote. The present plan is direct purchase.

MR. SHONTS felt the need of a larger salary. To be sure he drew \$30,000, but living expenses have gone up so—well, you know how it is yourself.

SIR CHARLES ELIOT observes that the compositions of Japanese authors have “added nothing of value to the literature of the world.” On the other hand, Sir Charles, the compositions of Russian authors have added much. Query: Is the pen mightier than the sword? Answer: In literature, yes.

MR. SHONTS observes, in retiring from the Isthmus, that his part of the work is done, and that all that remains is to dig the canal. In the words of a well-known whiskey advertisement, “—’s —.”

“I AM NOT one of those who fear that socialism or advanced radicalism or untried theories put into unwise practice are to be carried into effect to such an extent as to produce financial or industrial paralysis.” —Senator Depew.

In spite of the fact that he has done as much as any one man could to bring about such a state of affairs.

SALOMITIS is the new disease. Has it caught you?

“IF SOME persons on the outside could see the checkbooks of Senators,” says Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire. We understood that Mr. Guggenheim paid in actual cash, and that Senators generally are averse to the use of checks.

FREEDOM SHRIEKED when Kosciusko fell. And Art shrieks when Theodore butts in.

IT LOOKS as if the Madison Square Garden will have to be rented for the sensational murder trials of the future.—*The Sun*.

Or for the electrocutions, at least. A good electrocution, with \$5 admission, would make money for the state.

TOO BAD Senator Clark will not profit by the raise in senatorial salaries. With the increase he might have added another wart to his Fifth Avenue house of mirth.

CRITIC MORE quotes Tennyson’s line, “Me rather all that bowery loneliness.” It must be confessed that the Bowery is not what it used to be in Tennyson’s day.

WHENEVER the American people rise in wrath the result is something terrible. There’s the licorice paste trust, for example. Fined \$18,000!

WHEN a worn-out engine on the New Haven road breakdown and the train is half an hour late, the official explanation of the delay is “improvements.”

HELL IS full of people who use tobacco.—*A Jersey Evangelist*.

If the brand supplied is good, Hell is not such a hell of a place, after all.

ONE OBJECTION to giving one’s wife an allowance is that she may be captured in a raid on a ladies’ pool-room.

ANOTHER REASON why ice is high is the increased difficulty of handling it when it freezes thicker than twelve inches.



RECONCILED AT LAST.

“YOU’RE ONE OF US AFTER ALL, TEDDY.”

ALAS, HE GRABBED THE WRONG HANDLE.



I.



II.



III.

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAMUS McMANUS.



HERE WAS a King in Billigoland in the old days, that had three sons, and fine lusty fellows they were. Now one day the three fell disputing as to which of them should be king when their father was dead; and from words they came to blows, till they were all black and blue.

After they had hammered the fight out of one another, they agreed to leave the matter to their Father. But the old man had seen before how referees fare at the baseball games, and he would not decide; so they fell to fighting again till they had hammered some sense into one another, and then they agreed that each was to go his way for three years and learn what business he liked, and when they should return the father was to try them, and the best man was to have the Kingdom.

After three years they met again, and the father said to the

youngest, "What have you learned?" And he said, "I've learned to be a farmer." "Let's see you raise two crops for your brothers," said the King. So he raised two crops with half the labor and twice the produce as any man's in Ireland.

"Very good!" said the King. "You have the difference for your reward."

"And what have you learned?" he said to the second. "I've learned to be a carpenter." "Let's see you make two houses for your brothers," said the King. So he made two houses half as dear and twice as good as any man's in Ireland.

"Very good," said the King. "You have the difference for your reward; but if your brother is as good as you two, I can't decide after all."

"And what have you learned," he said to the oldest. "I've learned to be a landlord," he said. "Let's see you make two leases for your brothers," said the King.

So he made two leases, and he raised the rents twice as much and made the plots half as big as any man's in Ireland.

"Faith," said the old man, "Now I don't have to decide at all, for you're the King already."

Bolton Hall.

A LINOTYPE TRAGEDY.

"M Y LOVE for you" the poet wrote
"No mortal ever knew;
Oh, let me breathe it in these words:
nnnn?\$\$?\$\$?\$\$&&&>yuzznnnnwww(((\$\$

PRACTISING.

GEORGIE GOODE.—That nasty Tommy Tuffin called me a liar to-day, Ma.

MAMA.—The young villain! What made him say such a thing?

GEORGIE GOODE.—His Uncle told him he might be President some day.

CONSONANCE.

"WE ASKED for bread," cried the Poor, "and you hand us a stone."

It was the old song, but now, curiously enough, the Rich acknowledged the justness of the implied rebuke.

"Ah, no doubt a lemon would be more in consonance with the spirit of the age," quoth they.

And indeed it was not to be gainsaid that the fashions in a manner affected these things.

SANGUINE geologists estimate that there is nearly, if not quite enough gold, silver and copper left in the earth, to pay for the coal likewise remaining there; provided, of course, President Roosevelt has any sort of luck with the trusts.



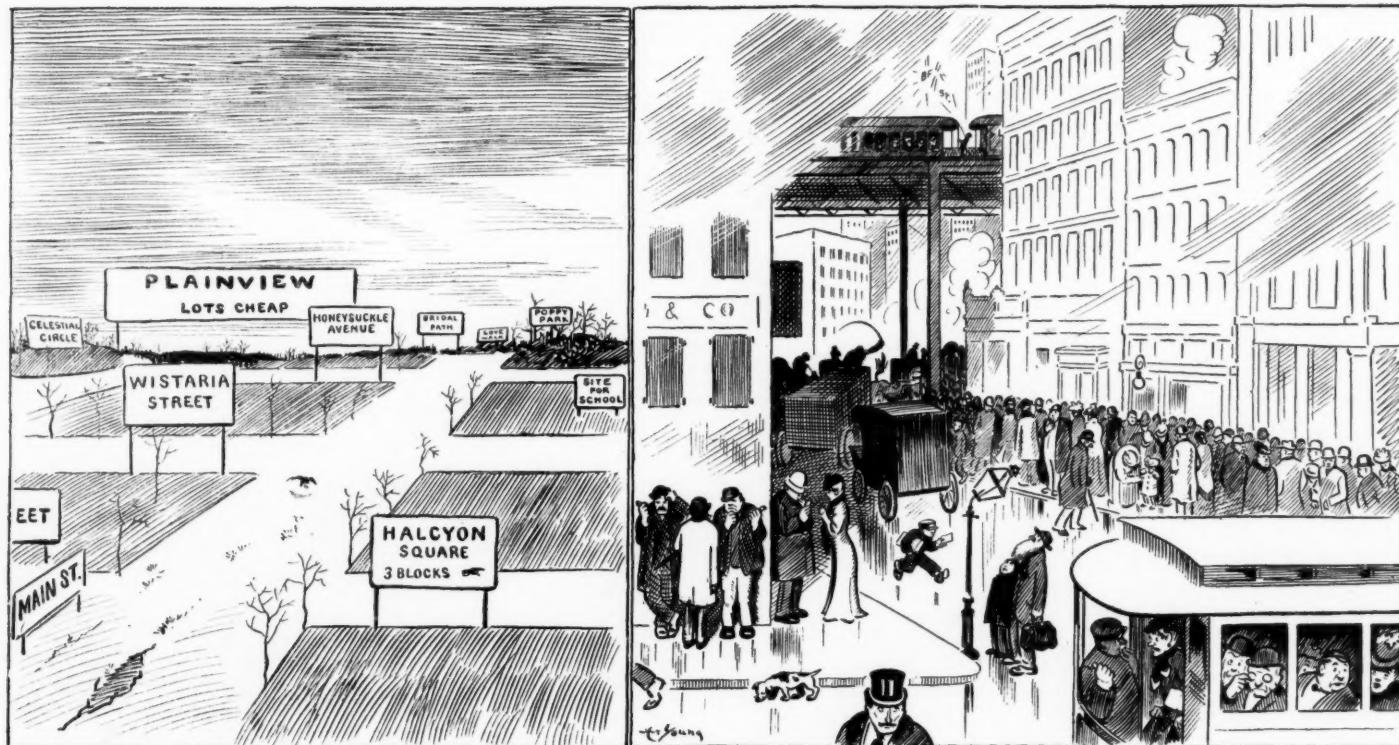
"THE COSTUME PLAY."

STOUT PARTY IN BOX (year 2407).—How picturesquely people dressed in the Twentieth Century!

*T*alk is like sand. The smaller it is the more readily it flows, nor does it impart so fine a polish, where it is too coarse.

SOMETHING THAT IS NOT SO VERY FUNNY.*

* When you're up against it.



STREET SIGNS IN PLENTY WHERE NOBODY GOES —

— AND NO SIGNS AT ALL WHERE EVERYBODY GOES.

HOW THEY TOOK EACH OTHER DOWN.

Do you know anything about that fellow Peterby?"

The tone of Dimpleton's voice as he spoke to his wife indicated a certain disarrangement of his habitual serenity.

"I understand he is a very nice man," said Mrs. Dimpleton. "Why?"

"Well, maybe he is, but I don't think much of him."

"What's happened?"

Dimpleton squared up his shoulders haughtily.

"I've been introduced to that chap at least twice," he said, "and I don't know but three times. But he never sees me. I've got no use for a chump like that."

"Perhaps he's near-sighted."

"Nonsense. Wasn't any farther away than I am to you. Just stared at me. He can't afford to do a thing like that—to me! Anybody who's as well known as I am. Umph!"

At this moment, at the other end of the street, Peterby was getting home. He had been muttering to himself half the way. He almost forgot to kiss his wife.

"What's the matter dear?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing."

"I thought you looked disturbed."

"Do you know that man Dimpleton?"

"I've met his wife. She seems very pleasant."

"Umph. May be she is. He's the limit—hasn't got the first instincts of manhood."

"What's the matter?"

Peterby drew himself up. A look of supreme contempt came over his face.

"The mouse-colored ass!" he exclaimed. "Why, he hasn't the decency to notice me when he passes. I've been introduced to him five or six times, I know. Now, when he sees me, he holds his head up and just absolutely ignores me."

"That seems strange. He is said to be very nice."

"Well, he may be, but I can't see it. He's a snob—a prig—a thirty-cent piece! I met him just now—we weren't three feet apart—and he just stared at me. A man's a fool to act like that. Especially to me!"

Mrs. Peterby was growing indignant herself.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I don't blame you one bit. However, we're going to meet them to-night—at the card party."

"What! Are they going?"

"Yes."

Peterby smiled.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Just wait. I will take him down a peg. When he sees we're somebody he'll come around all right. The chuckle-headed idiot."

He shook his head ominously.

"I'll—" he observed, but did not finish, his feelings under the circumstances not being expressible.

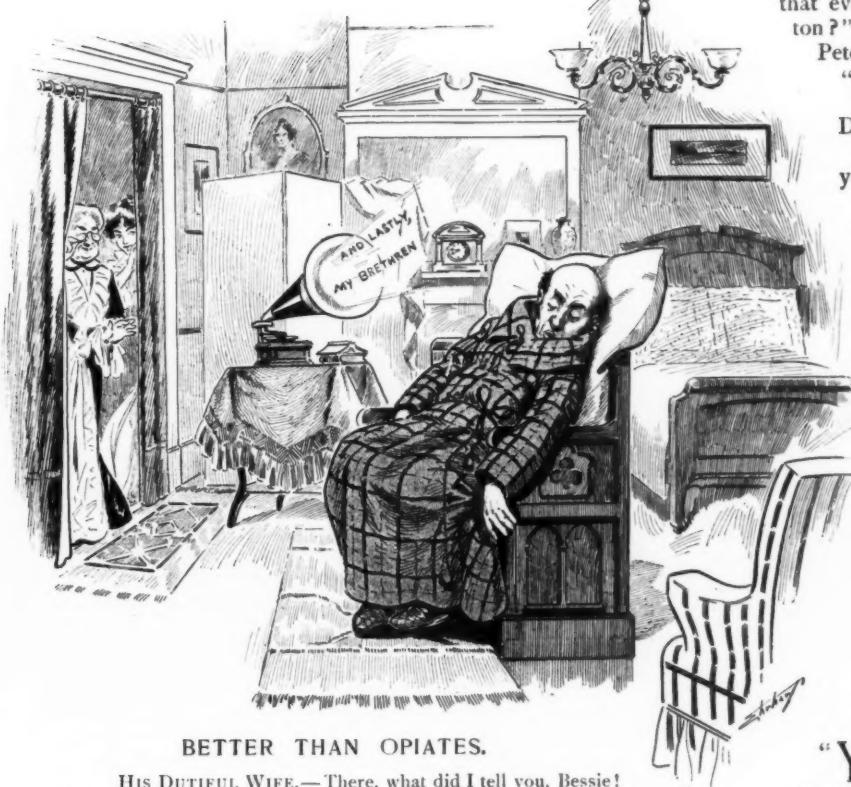
At this moment Mrs. Dimpleton was saying to her husband:



OUR FIRST FAMILIES.

THE HERALDIC EXPERT (to member of Stone Age smart set).—Yes, Ma'am, from the data which you gave me, I find that you are a direct descendant of the illustrious House of Simian; coat of arms, shield with three coconuts, and the family's ancient motto, *Apeque Orangutanus*.

PUCK



BETTER THAN OPIATES.

HIS DUTIFUL WIFE.—There, what did I tell you, Bessie! I knew we could cure Father's insomnia if we got a spare pew from the church!

"I believe they're going to the card party to-night." And Dimpleton, in a glow of exultation replied, "ha! that's immense. I'll have a chance to sit on him all right. When he finds out who I am, things will be different. It will do me good just to place an ass like that where he belongs."

Two hours later in the course of the card party the two men suddenly met face to face. The hostess chanced to be at Peterby's elbow.

"Mr. Peterby," she said, with that thoughtfulness about her guests that every good hostess displays, "have you met Mr. Dimpleton?"

Peterby turned red. The breathless moment had come.

"I'm not quite sure," he said.

"I wasn't quite sure," repeated Dimpleton. "I—"

"Well, I'm very glad to see you."

"I'm glad to meet you."

And they shook hands cordially.

That evening when they got home Peterby said to his wife, with a quiet smile, "Well, that fellow Dimpleton will remember me next time all right. He was as pleasant as pie. Must have found out who I was."

And Dimpleton said to his wife, "Ha! Ought to have seen me sit on Peterby. He just fell all over himself. Made a difference when he discovered who I was."

Tom Masson.

CAPACITY.

"YES, I suppose I'm one of the most prominent men in college," remarked the callow sophomore. "Indeed, what capacity?" asked the friend of the family.

"Eighteen beers, eleven cocktails, and six whiskey straights," replied the young man, proudly.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

GLADYS.—I am going to buy an automobile and I want you to go along and help me select one.

COUSIN JACK.—Not for me, little girl. Why, I even wouldn't pick you out a husband.



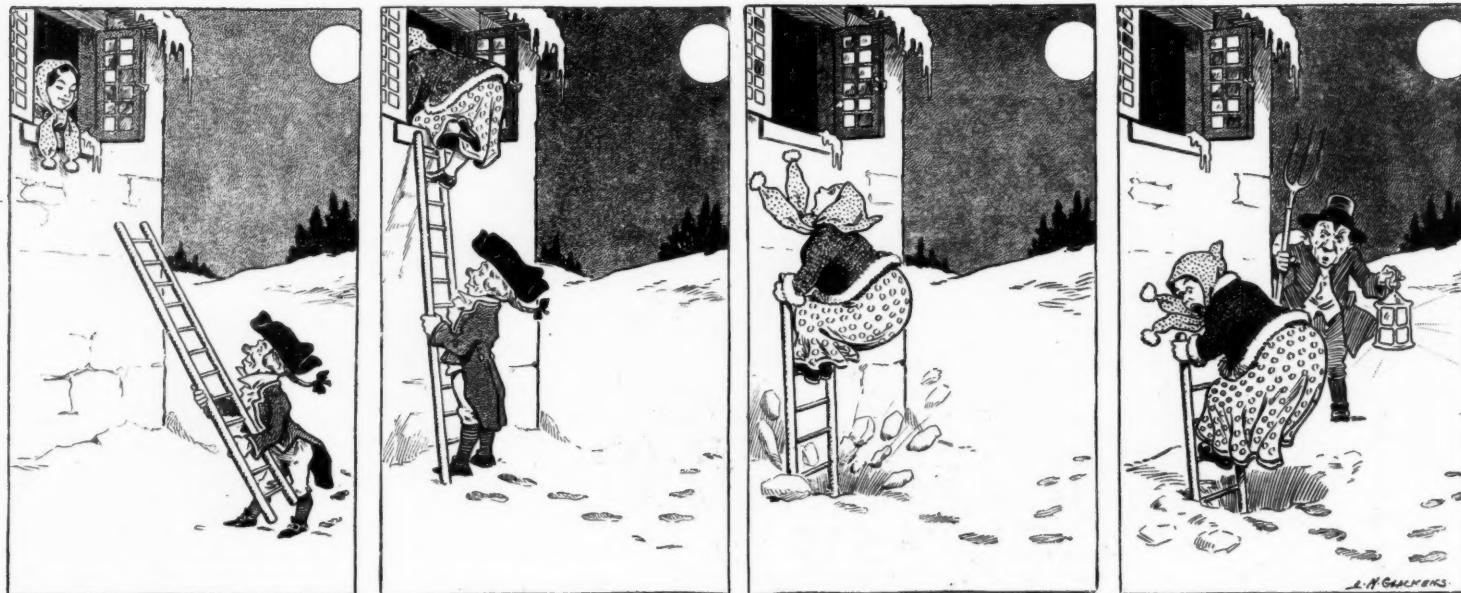
AN EXHAUSTING CEREMONY.

PAPA GUINEAPIG.—See here, Dominie, we could hurry things along a little, if you christened the rest of 'em in groups of, say, five.



GOYNGE DOWNE?

SADDE TALE OF YE FAIRE BUTTE BULKY DAMSEL AND YE TREACHEROUS SNOWBANKE.



YE FIRST.

YE SECOND

YE THIRD.

YE FINISH.

THE GOTHAMITE'S SONG.

'M DAZED, I own, when older poets scanning
I see how much Orion once was praised;
Though on the Pleiades their stanzas planning,
On Mars, as well, old bards in rapture gazed.
How pitiful the Past's untutored ages!
That knew no high finance, no Subway cars;
How lovelier for the modern poet's pages,
Since Broadway lights improved upon the stars.

You'd really think, from reading Keats and Shelley,
That Nature was a lady much esteemed,
That men of mind, like me and Machiavelli,
By her should be uplifted, — nay, redeemed!
Oh, let's be glad we've passed that awful era.
No more we have to roam in "sylvan glades,"
Since skyscrapers have fashioned for us here a
High line of cliffs that shames the Palisades.

The classics? It is said some bearded scholars
Still read them with avidity and ease,
While chaps with alien thoughts and home-made dollars
Go relic-worshipping across the seas.
Oh sinful waste! In jail we should immure up
Those who for foreign lands persist to steer,
Since the East Side depopulated Europe,
And Russia moved her Revolution here.

Avaunt, old bards! We scorn the Past and Present.
Last week's a graveyard, and to-day's a bore.
We only live to make our city pleasant
A hundred years ahead of us, or more.
To far posterity we yield our prizes,
For them we live; for them we toil and scrap;
For them, by ninety-nine-year-old franchises,
We save the Bridge Crush and preserve the Strap.
Chester Firkins.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

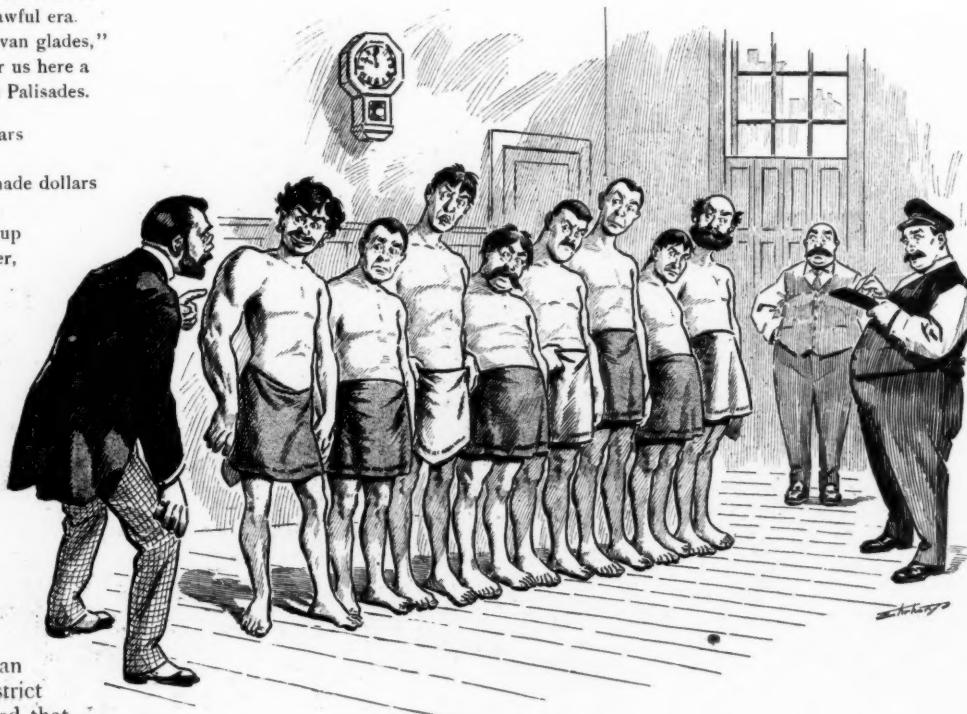
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Mr. Tallman of Oregon, in his remarks on a bill to restrict immigration from Oriental countries, suggested that the recent law abolishing free passes on railroads intensified the necessity of legislation favorable to the construction of good roads throughout the country. In this connection he sent to the clerk's desk and had read a number of letters from several well known comedians. Unanimous consent having been given him

for the continuance of his speech, Mr. Tallman discussed race suicide as a possible result of the tendency among people in large cities to live in apartment houses. He also advanced an opinion that the problem could be partly solved by increasing the rate of duty on certain canine importations for domestic purposes.

At this point, the morning hour having expired, the Committee rose, and a bill to erect suitable monuments to mark the various places, decided by the Census Office to be centers of population, was taken up.

A resolution, the object of which was to determine the practicability of applying the new system of spelling to names of towns and post-offices in Maine and other states of the Union was unanimously adopted.

M. C.



PHYSICAL CULTURE.

POLICE SURGEON (*to would-be cop*) — How is it, my man, that your right arm is developed out of all proportion to the rest of you?

ITALIAN APPLICANT. — Grinda da org', shina da fruit, roosta da peanut.

Too often a boy doesn't consider that he has had his fling until he has thrown himself away.

Februarias.

ASK NOT HIS NAME.

ASK not his name—the bravest of the brave,
Whose moral courage cannot be gainsaid.



Glitters in every civil broil his glaive:
He rushes in where angels fear to tread,
Nothing his gallant spirit can appal;
He'll charge, alone, the toughest proposi-
tion,
Lead the forlornest hope.
And with it all
He's such an admir-
able politician.

Defiance in the teeth of
Art he'll fling.
And roughshod o'er ac-
cepted critics ride;

In spelling school his clarion accents ring;
We know his record on race suicide.
To mind each person's business but his own
Is his self-given, self-consecrated mission;
And with it all—as has been often shown—
He's such an admirable politician.

But when the anti-tariff breezes blow,
They put a curb on his exuberance.
You find he generally goes below,
Seeking seclusion which the cabin grants.
He knows a party trade wind from a gale,
And smooths his wrinkled front in recognition.
He metaphorically shortens sail—
He's such an admirable politician.

B. L. T.



IN OLD TESTAMENT TIMES.

MRS. STONECHIP.—Baby is *so* backward! Here he's forty-seven years old and he can't talk yet.

MRS. FLINTCAVE.—Why, that's odd. My little boy was only forty last month and *he* says "Da-da" and "Mam-a" and lots of words.



BREAKING THE MONOTONY.

"So I AM compelled, am I, to wait until to-morrow afternoon before I can get a train out of this Providence-forsaken place?" peevishly carp'd a hypercritical young personage from the North, who was marooned in the humble hamlet of Polkville, Ark. "Oh, confound the luck!—to be obliged to remain in this dismal, monotonous ——"

"Well, now, I don't know about its being so mighty monotonous," calmly interrupted the landlord of the tavern. "You can get drunk to-night if you like, and prob'ly have a fight or two whether you want to or not. You can go and call on a certain charming grass-widow lady I could name, and very likely get shot at if you're as fresh there as you are here, or you can attend an elocutionary entertainment at the Op'ry House and not be in any great danger unless the building ketches fire. You can play checkers with a member of the legislature and not lose anything but your self-respect, or you can sit around in the parlor and read Sut Lovengood's latest work and laugh yourself to death. If she happens to go by, I'll point out to you, although, of course, you'll have to take my word for it, a short young lady that would be fully a foot taller if she wasn't so blamed bow-legged. I'll throw you, side-holts, for the cigars, or for nothing, if you say so. I'll do anything to break the monotony for you, even to the extent, if you don't quit mouthing about it, of getting up a foot-race in the general direction of Lower California, with you as the party of the first part and me and my old navy-six, here, the parties of the second part, just to show you that you don't have to stay here if you don't admire to. Looks considerable like rain off to the northwest, don't it?" Tom P. Morgan.



A PROLIFIC WRITER.

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER (in 1910).—I understand you have a broken set of Roosevelt's Messages to Congress?

BOOK DEALER.—Yes, sir;—with only volumes forty-seven and sixty-two missing!

SOME families choose to spend their energy in going back, and accomplish truly great things, as the books of heraldry amply attest. Others, however, prefer to go forward, and their achievements, while lacking in distinction, perhaps, should not be despised.



THE GREATEST JUGGLING ACT ON EARTH.

MESSRS. HILL, HARRIMAN, MORGAN AND GOULD, SOLE MANAGERS AND PROPRIETORS.



PUCK



LITTLE LIES WE TELL.

BOTH CALLERS (as "she" introduces them).—Very glad to meet you, sir.

THE SNOW THAT DIDN'T.



HUS sighed the poet in a golden swoon
As swirled the snow about the lilac tree:
"This means that in the morning we shall look
Upon a scene of fairy melody,
A gargoyle on the pump and a façade
Upon the hen coop and a lace like scarf
About the iron reindeer on the lawn."

"To-morrow," cried the small boy, "down the hill
I'll slide and make a snowman in the yard
And with a snowball from the owner's head
The fine silk hat send whirling into space."

In sweet empurpled rapture on the scene
The man who shovels snow looked long and sang:
"Full soon I'll glean the coin that sets aglow
The damask with the old corned beef and cab."

So mused the poet and the blithe school-boy
And eke the workman, and the three were fooled --
The snow turned into rain and in the morn
The landscape was a soaking symphony
Of ice-scummed mud all arabesqued with fog.

R. K. Munkittrick.

TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES.

"CHILE, CHILE, doan yo' go git yo' dander up," coaxed mammy.
But Annabel was not to be easily placated.
"Does yo' know wut happen to l'l gal if she done git her dander up?"

Annabel was sulkily interested.

"Huh, she gits her dander up, an' she gits her dander up, an' den, fus' she know, she had her lubly head all full ob danderuff, dat's wut she hab. Dar now!"

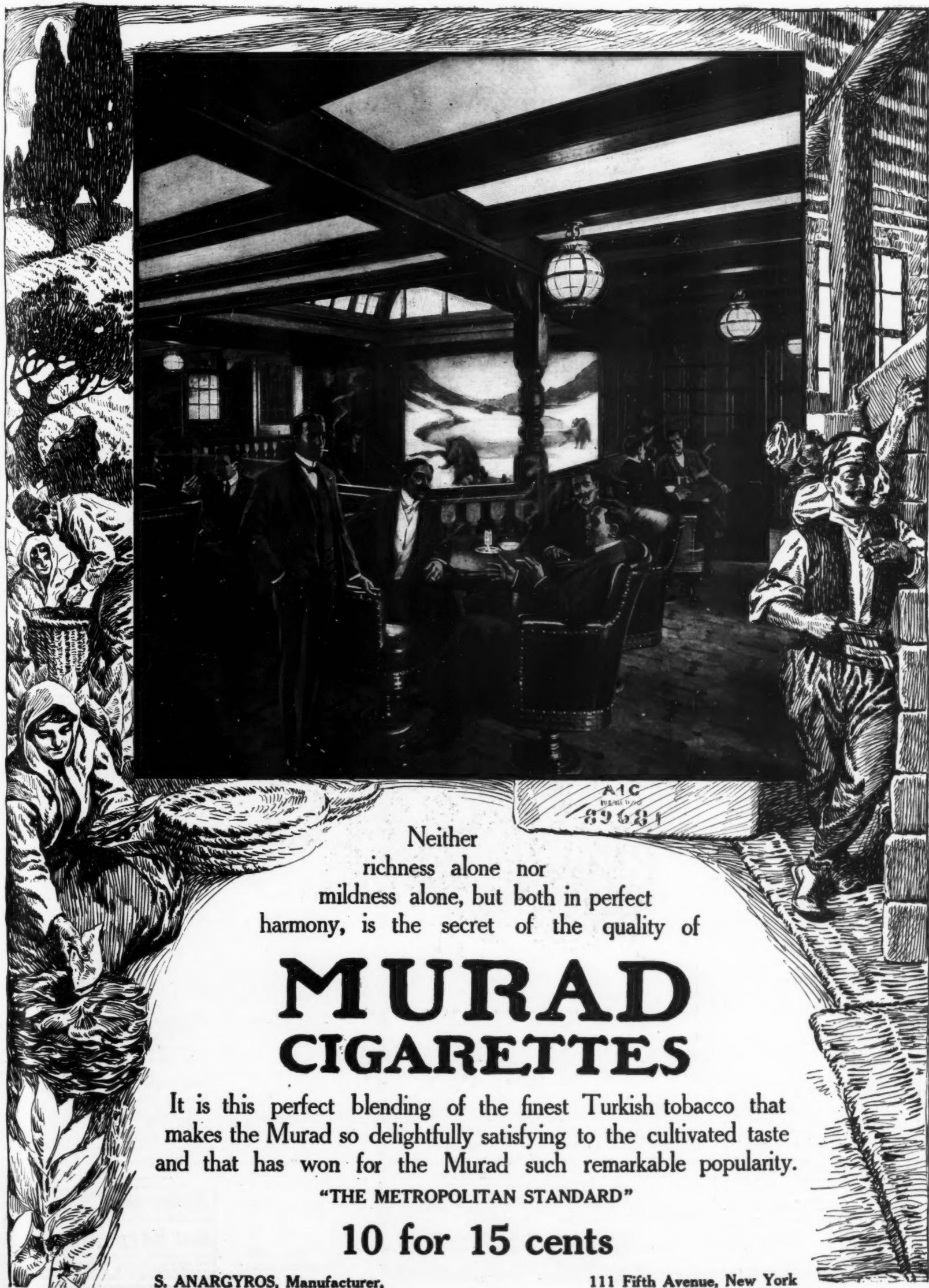
TO THE really good and frugal housewife there is nothing quite so sacred as the best tablecloth.



THE AMERICAN HOMESTEAD.

BROWN.—See that farm house, old man? That's the old homestead—the place where I first saw the light of day.

GRAY.—Which one? That villa advertising Doctor Fierce's Pink Prescription, or the bungalow to the right booming Snitcher's Castoria?



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IN SOCIETY.
MRS. WALLEY.—What evenings out does your girl have?
MRS. WILLEY.—It would be easier to name her evenings in.—*Somerville Journal*.

CHEAP ice next summer is all that is needed. There are already plenty of cheap skates.—*Indianapolis News*.

THE birth rate was higher in New York last year than ever before. That town could probably be carried by Roosevelt now.—*Chic. Record-Herald*.

ANYWAY, the Twenty-fifth Infantry has won more attention than a dozen campaigns could give it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



THE CORRECT STYLE

MR. HOOPAH.—Dis hat's too large. Whafoh yo' tink it am becomin'?

MRS. HOOPAH.—It kivers up mos' ob your face.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

A SORRY PROSPECT.

Dupre had been rather a naughty boy on the street car, and after they reached home his mother corrected him in the good old-fashioned way, though not anything like so severely as he imagined.

"Now, Dupre," she said, "I hope you will remember what happens when boys do not obey their mothers, and next time we are on the cars that you will sit quietly, as mother tells you."

"Yes, m-m-mother," he sobbed. "I w-will if I am e-e-ever able to s-s-sit down anywhere a-a-again."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

JAMES J. HILL says it will take five years to relieve the car shortage. Provided, of course, that the people foolishly persist in loading themselves down with Republican prosperity.—*Washington Post*.



YOU can tell it by its effervescence, transparency and fine flavor.

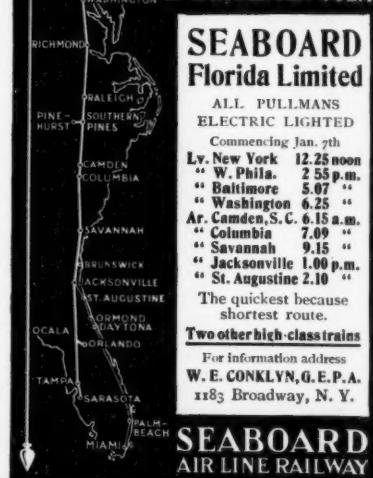
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IVER JOHNSON Safety Hammer Revolver 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated, 22 rim fire cartridge, \$5
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For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 152 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., Alameda, Cal. Europe: Pickhufen 4, Hamburg, Germany.
Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns.

Our Free Booklet "Shots" is full of interesting revolver facts. Write for it **at once**, and we'll send our big catalogue with it. Just a postal now.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

It is reported that the new Shah of Persia will begin business by cutting off a few heads. How like a change of administration in this country!—*Wash. Post.*

SHAVING is a pleasure or a trying ordeal according to the soap you use.

Williams' Shaving Soap

properly prepares the beard for the razor and leaves the face refreshed.

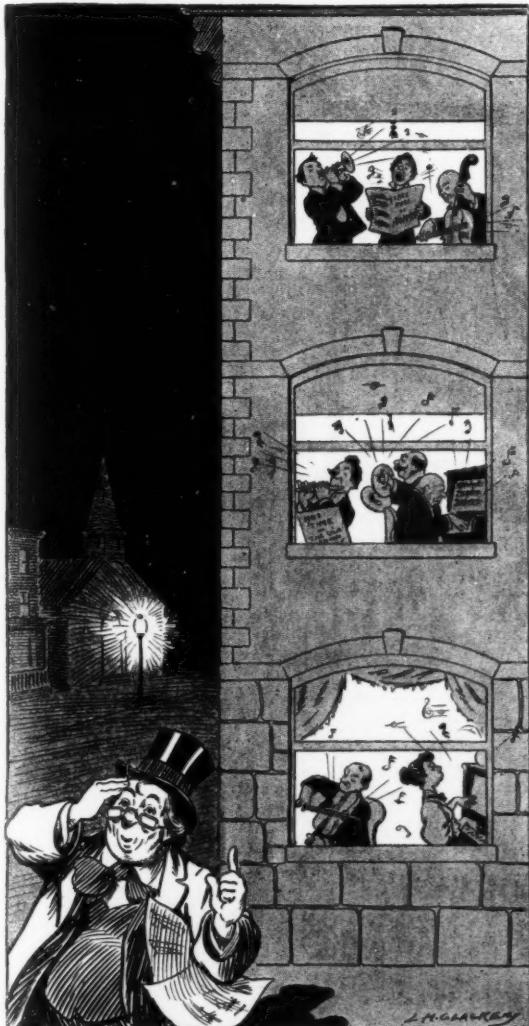
"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."



THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"The court fortune teller is going to resign," said one Russian official. "Yes," answered the other; "he is at a disadvantage. If he predicts bad news, he comes into royal disfavor, and if he predicts good news, it doesn't come true."—*Washington Star.*



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

THE PROFESSOR (*enraptured*).—Ah, happiness! Some one is playing my new sonata!

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

NOWADAYS.

TEACHER.—Wilfred, name some of the great reformers. WILFRED.—Spelling or religious, ma'am?—*Woman's Home Companion.*

AMONG the naval officers who will be retired during this year are ten rear admirals, who will go 'way back and sit down.—*Washington Post.*

Two American Novels That Are Rich In Humor

The Story of Martin Coe

By RALPH D. PAYNE



"There are undercurrents of humor and tenderness and delightful 'humanness' in this big, brave, simple sailor."

New York Times Saturday Review.

"An abundance of humor."

Philadelphia Press.

"Full of humor."

Pittsburg Post.

"The novel is humorous, tender, and stirring, by turns."

The Watchman.

2nd Large Edition

The Balance of Power

By ARTHUR GOODRICH



"That rarest of graces in our present-day novelists, humor, is the distinctive note in Mr. Goodrich's book. There is much throughout the book that reminds one of Dickens."

Pittsburg Gazette Times.

"The old Colonel, whose amusing sayings are the equal of much that Mr. Dooley ever put forth."

Brooklyn Citizen.

"A huge sense of humor which of itself lends a decided quality to his writing."

Louisville Times.

4th Edition, 20th Thousand

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York



THE STRONGEST
AND MOST ROBUST OF MEN AND
WOMEN OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE
A PURE TONICAL STIMULANT.
THE PURITY AND EXCELLENCE
OF

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

MAKES ITS USE PREFERABLE
AT SUCH TIMES.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A GUIDE TO ITALY.

Eh? You are sail for Eetaly?
Oh! my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!
I show you all da place to see
An' all da besta people, too;
An' evratheng you want, my frand.
So you could know, w'en you are through,
All theengs een dat so granda land—
Oh! my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!

Eh? Sure! I know da lan' so wal
I geeve advice bayfore you go;
I tal you all you want me tal.
W'at ees eet you weell like for know?
Da churcha? No, not Rome, my frand.
I tal you eef you want for see
Da fines' wans een all da land
You musta go for Napoli.
Da music? You are fond of eet?
Wal den, baylieve me eef I say
Ees no wan play so gran', so sweet
Like Banda Napoli ees play.
W'at kinda wine? Chianti! Oh!
My frand, you must have taste of dat.
Da best ees mak' from grapes dat grow
By Napoli, so beeg, so fat—
Eh? Where da besta people leeve?
Wal, now, I want you com' to me
Bayfore you sail an' I weell geeve
You names som' frands een Napoli—
Eh? Where da pritta ladies ees?
Ah, my! Ravenna ees da place,
Not Napoli, for findin' dees.
Ravenna girls ees gotta face
So sweet, an' teeth so white as snow,
So brighta eyes, so black da hair—
Ravenna ees my town? Oh! no,
My Rosa she ees com' from dere.
You know, I com' from Napoli,
Dat's how I know so mooth to tal
About da besta theengs to see;
You see, I know dem vera wal.

Eh? Wal, good-day, my frand. Oh! no,
I glad for tal you w'at to do
Een Eetaly bayfore you go—
Oh! my, I weesh I gon' weeth you!
—Catholic Standard and Times.

"The Japanese people," says Senator Gearin, of Oregon, "are not, perhaps, inferior to the Americans, but they are different." There's conservative Statesmanship for you.—Washington Post.

WHICH MEANS EXPOSURE.

HICKS.—I carried my wife's umbrella with me yesterday and lost it somewhere. Now she wants to advertise it.

WICKS.—That's a good idea. It may be returned to her.

HICKS.—That's just the trouble. I'm almost certain I left it in some saloon.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

MISS KNICK.—Ethel is to be married next month, and she says Walter wants to board this winter, as he thinks she needs a rest.

MISS KNOCK.—She does need a rest, considering the way she ran after him, but I didn't know he knew it.—Woman's Home Companion.

A MAN who has a baby carriage seldom gets an automobile so soon as the man who hasn't one.—Somerville Journal.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only
when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American
Wines

Is the banquet wine par
excellence. It is the favorite in the homes where
the choicest of everything
is demanded.

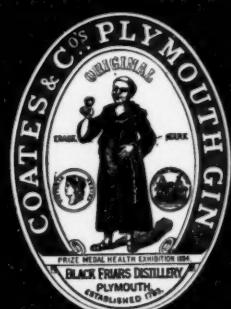
"Of the six American
Champagnes exhibited at
the Paris Exposition of
1900, the GREAT WEST-
ERN was the only one
that received a GOLD
MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, • Rhine, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

EVERY BOTTLE OF GENUINE
COATES PLYMOUTH GIN
BEARS THIS LABEL



U.S. AGENTS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD.
29 BROADWAY, N.Y.
ARTHUR J. BILLIN, U.S. MGR.

NO OBLIGATION.

The Western Senator had concluded
to retire.

"But do you not owe something to
your constituency?" he was asked.

"Not a cent; not a cent!" he re-
plied, with spirit. "I paid 'em all in
advance."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A PECULIARITY.

"Do you still believe in the faith
cure?"

"Yes," answered the tolerant man;
"but there's this peculiarity about it.
It always appears to be good for some-
thing that somebody else has and you
haven't."—Washington Star.

THE worst feature about the case of
those New York aldermen who got
\$500 for their votes is that they will
hereafter be regarded as rank amateurs
at the business.—Washington Post.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



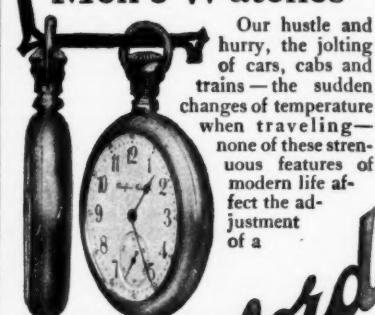
AN AWFUL THREAT.

ROAD COMPANY MANAGER.—The Sheriff has just attached the box office receipts!
THE STAR (coolly).—Well, you just tell him that if he doesn't give the money back,
we'll stop right here and be a stock company.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

AGAIN it is announced that there
will be no tariff legislation prior to the
next presidential campaign. If it is
put off that long there is a possibility
that the tariff will not be revised by its
friends.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Times That Try Men's Watches



Time
for
a Lifetime

NO Rockford Watch
until it can run without one.

That means accurate time
for a lifetime because—after
thus proving that the parts are
perfect and accurately fitted—
the adjustment of the hair
spring and balance wheel have
only to counteract such "out-
side" influences as change of
temperature and position.

Further information from
your watchmaker or

ROCKFORD WATCH CO.
Rockford, Ill.



HER MEMORY.

GAYLEY.—You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two years.

MRS. GAYLEY.—Three years, my dear.

GAYLEY.—How do you know it's three years?

MRS. GAYLEY.—Because I've worn this dress that long, and I got it the last time I caught you. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

are sold in strict conformity to the National Pure Food Law, the consumer and dealer being protected under General Guaranty No. 547 filed with the Department in Washington.

C. H. Evans & Sons



IN SUNNY FLORIDA.

"Why does he come here? He doesn't golf, or motor, or fish, or hunt, or even swim."

"That's so, but he can wear next summer's styles six months ahead of the northern season."

A STRATEGIST.

"Your enemies are going after you in a very relentless manner."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Aren't you going to defend yourself?"

"No; I'm going to let them keep on talking until the public gets tired of the topic and dismisses them as bores." — *Washington Star*.

WANTED SOMETHING MORE RECENT.

"What was the cause of this rumpus?" asked the judge.

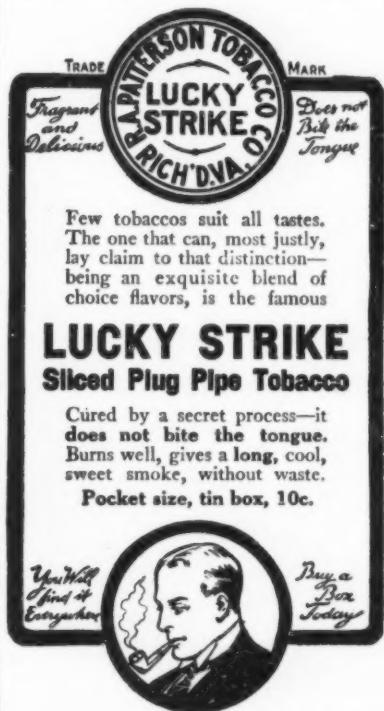
"Well, you see, judge," replied the policeman, "this man here and that woman there are married —"

"Yes, yes, I know. But what other cause?" — *Cleveland Press*.

POINTS OF VIEW.

"Beautiful memorial window," remarked her husband as they left the church.

"I didn't notice particularly," said his wife, "but the light from it fell on the Jones pew and it made her complexion a fright." — *Phila. Ledger*.



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LUCKY STRIKE Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Cured by a secret process—it does not bite the tongue. Burns well, gives a long, cool, sweet smoke, without waste.

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